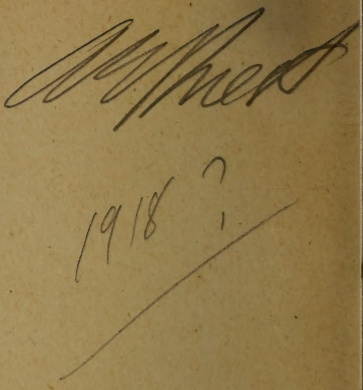
Dedicated to our
Brave Canadians
serving their King
and Country



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Christmas Thoughts

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WITH Hopes
that are rarest,
With Joys
that are fairest,
May Christmas be Crowned.

INTRODUCTION

THIS booklet is intended to bring Happy Thoughts to those who read.

Culled from the Garden of Beautiful Thoughts, planted therein by Great Writers—it is hoped that all may find some Happy Memory.

And to bring to its readers, the thought of our brave men, who are fighting for the Freedom of our Glorious Empire. A Merry Xmas to all its readers.

A. M. W.

A Happy Christmas
Full of Joy
With blessings time
Can ne'er destroy.

NOW once again the
Happy Christmas Chimes
Ring out their message
Of the Olden Times,
Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men.

AM thinking of you today because it is Christmas and I wish you Happiness.

And to-morrow because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you Happiness; and so on clear through the Year.

—*Henry van Dyke*

CHRISTMAS chimes,
Recall old times,
And sweetly fill the air.

IT is good to be children sometimes, but never so well as at Christmas, when its Mighty Founder became a little Child.

—*Dickens*

HRISTMAS again! What memories it brings. Some are with us still, others have reached the Great Beyond. Yet with each and everyone, remains the "ever ancient, ever new," the Memory of the Birth of Christ our Infant King, "The Wonderful, "The Counsellor," "The Mighty One," "The Prince of Peace." May He fill each one's heart with the joy that surpasseth all understanding.

—*A. M. W.*

GOD rest ye, Merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay—
For Christ the Lord, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.
O, tidings of comfort and joy!

IT is for this purpose that we are friends,
That we may be of good service one to another.

EVEN the thought of a true friend will often make us strong to resist temptation and be brave enough to apply ourselves with new zeal and energy to the tasks before us.

I lift my eyes to Him who only
Knoweth all,
And pray that He will bless
You in His Way.
For with the gifts and Grace
That He bestoweth
Thou shalt be rich indeed
Throughout this day.

I hope that you
May always find
That all your clouds
Are silver-lined.

A Happy Christmas
Words whose kindly sound
Wakes the earth to gladness,
And scatters blessings round.

Be thou blest
With all that Heaven can send—
Long health, Long youth, Long pleasure, And a friend.

MAY your heart be glad today,
With a Sunshine that will stay
Right through all your future way.

* * *

WE must be warmed by the Fire of Sympathy to be brought into the right condition and angles of Vision.

PLAY YOUR PART

TODAY is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part.

Now, especially, it behooves every one of us to do all we can to help our Country in her hour of need. We must work and fight in the trouble we are passing through, for we know that He who guides in the Calm will not forsake us in the Storm. Have courage.

The dark clouds must pass and reveal the Silver Lining.

Up! Up and play your part, with Woman's Will and Woman's heart.

— *I. M. W.*

ALL Life's choicest Gifts are
met
In the Words that here
we set—
A Happy Christmas.

SWEETEST balm for sor-
row's tear,
Hope in place of doubt and
fear,
Are ours with Christmas.

"TAKE thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-clouds' encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free
Guard it! God will prosper thee

In the dark and trying hour
In the breaking forth of Power,—
In the rush of steeds and men,
His Right hand, will shield thee then.

—*Longfellow*

TO OUR MOTHER COUNTRY

NGLAND, dear England,
Mother of our Land,
Firm and United,
Around thee we stand.

At thy sudden call "To Arms,"
We left our homes, our hearths, our farms,
And hastened on with happy speed
To help thee, in thy hour of need.

O brother men! hearken to your country's call
She needs you one and all
She fights for the World's Peace
That all its present strifes may cease.

Stand by her, till the Bugle's Clarion Call
Shall sound forth Victory's Chant
And Peace for All.

—*A. M. W.*

WHILE the Christmas
bells are ringing—
Kind thoughts are
swiftly winging.

IS it the tender star of love
I see,
The star with dreams of love
and thee
O, no! from out those dreams
A hero's Armor gleams.

The star of the unconquered
will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene and resolute and still,
And calm and self-possessed.

O Star of strength, I see thee
stand
And smile upon my pain,
Thou beckonest with thy mail-
ed hand
And I am strong again.

—*Longfellow*

MERRY Christmas to thee
And our brave men over
the Sea.

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sub-
lime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the Sands of
Time.

In the World's broad field of
battle
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

—*Longfellow*

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted—downward—
From an Eagle, in his flight.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the Cares that infest the Day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow*

"GOD is not dead!
Nor doth He sleep.
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With Peace on Earth
Good will to men."

—*Longfellow*

* * *

RING out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring in the Christ
That is to be.

—*Tennyson*